

**burned birthright**

There was a  
hole in the sky  
because they refused  
to believe in  
dragons and wizards

pixie-dust  
now swept and incinerated

even old stocking has hole  
from hungry moth

she's a little curly-haired scientist  
in a tremendous limitless laboratory  
she notes all her observations  
like the "X" on the floor  
and her own drool.

her astonished smile is the  
only evidence of her note-taking

i screamed when i saw spinning globes  
and dreamed horribly of giant demons  
with big red shoes  
and watched the über-sheep dissolve, gurgles  
and explode

while the serene yet formidable face of mary magdalene  
melted  
into a vehement skeletal banshee wail  
with retribution for  
everyone who continued to stare and  
pledge allegiance to their jesus in khakis.

mary magdalene didn't visit me that night  
and the elongated faces of the profane disciples  
never showed up dripping on me either  
and i was happy.

big dogs, jingle bells,  
light sabers, little white ducks,  
little white spots, muffing men,  
bullfrogs and butterflies, old V8s,  
featherbeds, tractor sheds,  
coconut heads, puddle jumpers,  
brooder houses, corn cribs, pole cribs,  
and raunchy nurses all scamper about  
in the caves below  
my landfill.

when i spun in the rope swing,  
and burned up my little blue  
cowboy boots  
scraping circles in the ground

they were all leaping about  
in the garden  
chasing away cicadas and bumblebees.

*Matthew Gordon*